

Advice to a Painter, &c.

Spread a large Canvas, Painter, to contain
The great Assembly and the numerous train,
Who all about him shall in Council sit,
Abjuring Wisdom, and despising Wit;
Hating all Justice, and resolv'd to Fight,
To rob his Native Country of its Right.

First, Draw him falling prostrate to the South,
Adoring ROME, this Libel in his mouth;
Most Holy Father! being join'd in League,
With Father Patrick, Darby, and with Teague,
Thrown at Your Sacred Feet I humbly bow;
I, and the wise Associates of my Vow,
I swear nor Fire nor Sword shall ever end,
Till all this Nation to Your Foot-stool bend;
Arm'd with bold Zeal & Blessings from your Hands,
I'll raise my Irish and my Popish Bands;
And by a Noble well-contrived Plot,
Manag'd by wise Fitz-gerrard and by Scot;
Prove to the World I'll have old ENGLAND know,
That Common Sense is my Eternal Foe;
I ne'er can fight in a more Glorious Cause,
Than to destroy their Liberties and Laws,
Their Parchment Presidents, their dull Records,
Their House of Commons and their House of Lords.
Shall these Men dare to contradict my Will?
And think a Prince or th Blood caner'e do ill?
It is our Birth-right; We have power to kill?
Shall these men dare to think, shall these decide
The way to Heav'n? and who shall be my Guides?

A

Shall

Shall these pretend to say that Bread is Bread?
 Or that there is no Purgatory for the Dead,
 That Extreme Unction is but common Oyl,
 And not Infallible the Roman Soyl?
 I'll have these Villains in our Notions rest:
 You and I say it; Therefore tis best.

Next, Painter, Draw his *Mordant* by his sides,
 Conveying his Religion, and his Bride;
 He who long since abjur'd the Royal Line,
 Does now in *Poperie* with his Master joyn.

Then draw the Princess with her Golden Locks,
 Hastning to be Renowned with the Pocks;
 And in her Youthful Veins receive that wound,
 Which sent *N-- H--* before her under ground;
 That wound of which the tainted *C--* fades,
 Preserv'd in store for the next sett of Maids.

Poor *P----* born under some fallen Star,
 To find this welcom when you come so far;
 Better some Jealous Neighbour of your own
 Had call'd you to some found, tho petty Throne;
 VVhere, 'twixt a wholsom Husband, and a Page,
 You might have linger'd out a longer age.

Then in false hopes of being once a Queen,
 Die before Twenty, Rot before Fifteen.

Now *Painter*, shew us in the blackest dye,
 The Councillors of all this Villany.

Clifford, who first appear'd in humble guise,
 VVas thought so meek, so modest, and so wise;
 But when he came to act upon the Stage,
 He prov'd the mad *Cethegus* of our age:

He

He and the Duke had each too great a mind
 To be by Justice, or by Law confin'd;
 Their boyling Heads can hear no other sounds,
 Then Fleets & Armies, Battles, Blood & wounds;
 And to destroy our Liberty they hope,
 In Irish Fools, and a Doting Pope.

Then Painter shew thy Skill, and in thy place
 Let's see the *Nuncio Arundel's* sweet face;
 Let the Beholders by thy art desire
 His Sense, and Soul as squinting as his Eye.

Let *Bellasis* autumnal face be seen,
 Rich with the spoil of a poor *Algerine*,
 VVho trusting in him, was by him betray'd;
 And so should we, were his advice obey'd.
 The *Hero* once got Honour by the Sword,
 He got his wealth by breaking of his word,
 He now has got his Daughter great with Child,
 And Pimps to have his Family defild.

Next Painter draw the Rabble of the *Pope*,
German, Fitz-gerard, Loftus, Porter, Stobbs,
 These are fit Heads indeed to turn a State,
 And change the Order of a Nations Fate.
 Ten thousand such as these can ne'r controul,
 The smallest atoms of an *English* Soul.
 Old *England* on its strong Foundation stands,
 Defying all their Heads, and all their Hands;
 It's steady *Basis* never could be shock,
 VVhen wiser Heads its ruine undertook;
 And can her *Guardian-Angel* let her stoop
 At last to Fools, to Mad-men, and the *Pope*.
 No Painter, no; Close up thy Piece, and see
 This Croud of Traytors hang in Effigie.

To the KING.

GREAT **HARLES**, who full of Mercy
wouldst Command

In Peace and Plenty this thy Native Land;
At last take pity on thy tottering Throne,
Shook by the faults of others, not thy own:
Let not thy Life and Crown together end,
Destroy'd by a false Brother, and false Friend:
Observe the Danger that appears so near,
And all your Subjects do each minute fear;
A drop of Poison, or a Popish Knife,
Ends all the joys of *England* with your Life.
Brothers 'tis true should be by Nature kind;
But to a Zealous and Ambitious Mind,
Brib'd by a Crown on Earth, and one above,
There's no more Friendship, Tenderneſs, or Love.
See in all Ages what Examples are
Of Monarchs murder'd by th' impatient Heir.

Hard Fate of Princes, who will ne'r believe,
Till the Stroke's struck, which they can ne'r
retrieve.

F I N I S.

[1]

THE SECOND
ADVICE
TO THE
PAINTER

Now *Painter* try if thy skil'd hand can draw,
The horrid'st Scene the trembling world ere saw;
Wipe all the Pencills that thy former drew,
In dismal colours dip 'um all anew;

Colours that may in lively parts express

The plotted fall of *Monarchs* in a dross:

May fright the World from Crimes we can't atone,

With our best bloods, and Christians blush to own;

But let me first advise you ere you take

This work in hand, a small reflection make

On all that's shainous; *Murders, Treasons, Fires,*
Deaths in all shapes, and *rapins*, hot desires:

Of *Murdering Kings* I tremble to rehearse,

A tottering world and sinking Universe:

Think well on these ere you begin your part

I will heighten fancy, and affect your heart:

In th' upper part of all the Canvas, paint

His Holyness the *Pope*, that mighty Saint,

Old Sathan his associate too must stand

Behind his chair to guide his heart and hand;

Draw him slack round with all the toys that men

From the grand Mint of lies, old foppish *Knave's*

Darts, Dispensations, Pardons, all the baits

He lays for the dull crew'd; the *Rest of men*

Will be convenient too, that every sin

The value may be known, pray consider this

Draw him dispersing with a homely face

For horrid ends the measure of his fate

Dispensing with false Oaths, or any thing,
 So that they'l further Charles Great Brittain's King:
 Poor fool to think the guardian of his throne,
 Is grown as dull and senseless as his own;
 No, proud Impostor, no thy hand's too short
 To reach his head or make his fall by sport:

Next draw proud France, and his ambitious hope
 Of being mighty, cringing to the Pope:
 'Tis not his zeal to him, or to those laws
 That cheat the world, that his affection draws;
 'Tis int'rest, mighty int'rest, bears the sway,
 He dares not, though he's willing, disobey:
 Base Prince and foolish too, your self you cheat,
 When on such terms as these you would be great;
 You feast your senses, secure at costly rates,
 That nothing else can serve but delicacies
 Dipp'd in the blood of Princes: Deaths of Kings,
 In your opinion are but vulgar things:
 Had thirst of Empire sway'd a generous soul
 These base low tricks cou'd never sure controul;
 But to a minde so firm on mischief bent,
 No generous thoughts or honour could prevent
 The meanest actions; Princes should be true,
 And act on principles of honour too:
 Then they are Sacred in the world, and ought
 To be adored, then disrespect's a fault:
 But when from base degenerate they are grown,
 The vulgar hurl'um headlong from the throne:
 Go on vile Prince in all these acts, and try,
 How soon your Crown will fade, your Empire dye;
 By your example your own Subjects teach,
 To strike at Empires and at Scepters reach,
 And may their first attempt be on thy head,
 Dethrone thee first of all, then strike thee dead.

Now Painter to our Subjects dip thy pen
 In black, in horrid black, yet once agen;
 For when a Subject from a King revolts,
 Conspires his death, and thinks these things no faults,
 The scene must needs be horrid; first begin
 With Bellasis and his foul and grateful sin:
 Draw him a monster, in a foul dress
 As ere your heart can think, or hand express:

Long

The Third Part of

ADVICE

TO THE

PAINTER,

Concerning
The great Turk, Count *Teckley*, and the Forces
against them; the *French*, the *Spaniards*, the
Dutch, and the *Engliff*.

Painter once more thy Pencil Reassume,
And in a Lanskip draw me Christendom.
But first draw out the Turkish Empire, then
Paint out in Collours their devision.

Paint me that mighty Powerful State a Shaking;
And their great Prophet, *Teckely*, a Quaking.

Who for Religion made such bustling work,
That to Reform it he brought in the Turk.

Next Paint our English Musties of the Tub,
Those great Promoters of the *Teckelites* Club.

Draw me them praying for the Turkish Cause,
And for the overthrow of Christian Laws.

Next Paint the Turks Seraglio, then
Paint our English Musties entring in; }

That and Rebellion is their Darling Sin. }

Next draw the many guiltless Souls, that dy'd
A Sacrifice to their Lucifrian pride.

And Paint to th' life their Diabolick Faces,
And angry Looks, for their late desperate Cafes.

But lastly, draw a fair and spacious Plain,
And in it Gallowses to hang them on.

Now draw in opposition to this Crew,

The German Poles and Cossack Forces too:

A

Show

Show by thy Art what they have bravely done;
 Beat down the Turks, and their great Standard won.
 And for the Rebels Emblem draw me Hell,
 Whose Luciferian Fates has taught them well, }
 What 'tis to Fight their King and to Rebel. }
 And as our God did Satan overthrow,
 And for Rebellion him to Hell did throw;
 So these our Earthly Rebels shall
 Be fated here, and in Hell after fall;
 When Kings like Terrene Gods do justly Reign;
 Are by good Subjects held their Sovereign.
 Next draw the Monsieurs huffing ore proud *Spain*;
 But draw them too upon their turn again.
 Paint out their Courage more by words then blows;
 Blood but the Monsieurs, and they'l fly their Foes.
 And when you draw them to the Life, pray draw
 Instead of El's the cunning Foxes paw.
 Draw me the Spaniard rousing as they wou'd,
 Revenge their Quarrel in the French Mans Blood.
 Draw me Great *Orange* whose Victorious Soul
 Will cool their heat, and Monsieurs rage controul.
 Next draw me *Holland* poxt with jealous Fears;
 Paint them falling together by the Ears.
 Distrusting one another draw them now,
 And fearful what to do, or how.
 Paint them as hector'd Men by Monsieurs word;
 Paint them as Men afraid of Monsieurs Sword.
 Next draw old *England* rising from the Dead,
 And Loyalty that now can shew its Head.
 Paint me Great *CHARLES* that all the World doth awe,
 Who hath declar'd he Govern will by Law.
 Now, lastly, draw me *London*, that great City
 That twice Rebel'd in one Age, more's the Pity:
 But draw them Loyal now with their new Charter,
 And taking the Oaths for to be True hereafter.
 Draw all the Loyal Subjects, Joyful Hearts,
 Draw out their Loyalty in all its parts:
 Whilst other murmuring Rebels down are hurl'd;
 Confounded here, and dam'd in tother World.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Walter Davis* in *Amen-Corner*. 1684.

NEW
A D V I C E
 TO A
P A I N T E R, &c

Painter, once more thy Pencil reassume
 Draw me a Night Piece——Draw me *Rome*.
Rome under ground, 'twill make a curious Piece!
 Out do the boldest hands of Antient *Greece*.

Let the pale Tapers, which afford it lights,
 Burn blew, affrighted with approaching Sprites.

Draw me the shaking Triple Mitred Head,
 And all the Conclave, looking like the Dead.

Draw fallen *Lucifer* in Brimstone Robes,
 Infernal Posts arriving thick like *Jobs*:

Each telling after other rueful Tale,
 How all the Pious Stratagems still fail;
 Nor Pistol, Poison, Ponyard will prevail.

How in defence of See Apostolique,
 Like all true Bigots *Roman Catholique*,
 Most boldly living, their late Martyrs ty'd,
 And all without Confessing, bravely dy'd.

How daring *Coleman* led the Forlorn Hope,
 Of all th' Unfortunate Brethren of the Rope,
 Who murder Princes to exalt a Pope.

Of this new Order of *Cordeliers* how
 He was the Founder and Confounder too.

How Cardinal *Ireland*, *Harcourt*, *Gaven* fell,
 Of *Piskering*, *Grove*, and *Turner*, let them tell,
 How all's undone, *Rome*, Purgatory, Hell!

So! Painter 'tis enough; now lers retire,
 And leave the Pope in this new *Malvidere*.

Next, let me see a spacious Curtain Drawn,
 Fine and transparent as the Cobweb Lawn.

It must with curious Art and Care be wrought,
 That through it one may see a nimble thought.

The ground with Faction, Treason, Tumult lay,

All Varnish't o're with shining Preach and Pray.

Shade it with Fineness, Artifice, Mistrigue,

Darken the foldings with the Solemn League.

A

Behind

Behind this Curtain let bold Actors stand,
 Buskin'd for Tragedy upon command ;
 Inspir'd with furious, not Poetique Rage,
 A second time to tread a bloody Stage.
 Draw there an Aged Pope upon all four,
 With riding Furniture Equipped o're,
 With Warlike Saddle, and with Curbing Bitt,
 Holsters and Howfings, Breastplate, all compleat.
 Then let a dapper Pres'ter Poll bestride
 The Scarlet Rampant Beast, and fiercely ride.
 Let him be clad in the new Silken Buff,
 And wear an old Round-head without a Ruff.
 Upon the top of his Triumphat Lance,
 The spoiled Whore of Babel's Smock advance.
 Before him let there march Lewd Reformation,
 Proclaiming Liberty and Tolleration.
 Paint dismal Ruin stalking in the Rear,
 Than Landskip Desolation far and near.
 Paint close Cabals, and Midnights secret Clubs,
 Paint the Disciples of the bawling Tubs,
 With Ears erected and with Mouths displaid,
 And all the Brethren o'th Religious Blade,
 Big with their hopes and expectations blown,
 That e're't be long the day will be their own.
 Let several Labels from their mouths proceed,
 To note the different Tribes o'th' Holy Seed :
 Here, Root and Branch, there, down with Babel down.
 Away with Bishops, this, that, with the Crown.
 Here draw one closely laughing in his sleeve,
 That he has made the zealous fools believe,
 What he has told them is as Gospel true,
 If't be not so, then he's a very Jew.
 Paint here Ambition making humble Court
 To Popular Ears, and shewing Scripture for't.
 There, Draw me Envy, and here, private Pique,
 Looking demure while deep Revenge they seek.
 Here one who lost his Crown and Bishops Lands,
 Clapping for joy his Sacrilegious hands.
 Draw busie Jealousie among the Croud,
 And whispering Fear, and Calumny still loud.
 Paint Armed Zeal in fighting Gospel Buff ;
 Paint what thou wilt, so't be confus'd enuff.
 Then Painter Draw one laughing out this Mott,
 Come do it boldly then, Plot upon Plot.
 Now Painter let us Trade in open day,
 And bare fac't Light : a barren Landskip lay,
 Like some cold Northern Clime ; there must not be
 Much Beauty in it, much Variery :
 Not many fruitful Vales, nor pleasant Springs,
 Nor murm'ring Riv'lets, nor delightful things.
 But cragged Rocks, and the bald Mountains shew,
 No Perrewigs of Wood, but Bonnets blew

Of distant Sky, Paint Loughs, and Treacherous Bogs;
 Stored with Revelation croaking Frogs.
 And now the Scene is fit, the Curtain draw,
 Trumpets and Drums within, Sasa, Sasa.
 A Rev'rend Prelate must the Prologue be,
 Enough alone to make a Tragedy.
 Paint him all over wounds and purple gore,
 Greater than *Casars* and in number more.
 Than let the mad brain'd Zealous Troops advance,
 Hastening to forfeit their Allegiance,
 In the defence of Covenant; Well a way!
 True Protestant Religion to betray.
 While thus with Violence, Murder, Perjury,
 They strive to raise their new Fifth Monarchy,
 The Iron Scepter of Presbytery.
 Now Painter Summon all thy skilful Art,
 Thy choicest Colours, cleaneft stroaks impart.
 Draw me a blooming Hero, let him fly,
 more swift than Light'ning from a sullen Sky:
 Whose early Valour Rivals *Casars* Fame,
 For he too came, and saw, and overcame.
 Paint Woods of Lawrels for his Conqu'ring brow,
 Hee'l reap them all as fast as they can grow.
 But gentle Painter, plant them in the shade,
 Lest as they quickly grew, they quickly fade.
 And now dear Painter, how shall we devise,
 To draw some thoughts? Oh! how would that surprize!
 But since those swift Ideas will not sit,
 Till thou canst finish 'em, e'en venture it,
 A careless dash does sometimes bravely hit.
 Draw then the discontented Faction's crew
 Of Disaffected Brethren; let us view
 Their Faces well, and we shall easily find,
 Their secret thoughts by th' Index of the mind.
 Draw biting Lips, and sullen frowning Brow,
 And hands lift up betwixt a Curse and Vow;
 Paint this half drawing out his angry Sword,
 That weeping for the people of the Lord,
 Who for the Gospel were in Battle slain,
 Or by the Common En'my Captive tane.
 Let hasty blood mount in that manly Face,
 There let it sneak, and give pale Choler place.
 Here Paint one raving, raging, staring mad;
 Thus disappointed after seeking Gad!
 Thus by ill Conduct, and base Cowardice,
 To spoil the *Good Old Cause*, and open the Eyes
 Of Wicked men, to see and Triumph too;
 What hast thou done Lord? Lord! What must we do?
 Could not th' impatient Brethren stay till we
 Had fully hatcht a New Conspiracy,
 No King, or else of Clouts, till we had made,
 (That is a Glorious King) they might have said:

But:

But thus with Shell on head, and callow wing,
 Thus run away ! Lard ! This was such a thing !
 Now should we strive to lend our helping hand
 To work Salvation, th' wicked of the Land
 Will call't Rebellion: and should they prevail,
 We can expect no Mercy, if we fail
 In our attempt, no second Amnesty
 Can e're be hop'd, Ah ! No Indempnity !
 Painter, close up thy Piece, expose't to view ;
 'Twill meet with various Censures: But 'tis true.
 Till the next time we meet, Painter Adieu.

To the KING.

Hail Mighty *Charles* ! Joy of our Lives and Eyes:
 Born and preserv'd, restor'd in wondrous wise !
 At last take pity of a Glorious State,
 Shook by the Malice, and the restless Hate,
 Of Undermining Foes, and Treacherous Friends,
 By differing methods driving the same ends.
 Papist and Presbyterian both combine,
 And *sampsons* flaming Foxes Tails-conjoyn
 To Rob thee of thy Crown, and to destroy,
 With thee our Lives, Religion, Liberty.
Rome and *Geneva*, both strive to pull down
 The Envi'd Mitre and Imperial Crown.
 The Royal Martyr *Charles*, the Wise, the Just,
 Commands you to forgive, but never trust.
 Lose not your Friends in hopes your Foes to gain,
 Eternal hates are reconcil'd in vain.
 You are no longer safe than they want power,
 No Monarch after that can Reign an hour.
 Cherish you Friends if Scepters you will sway,
 And Rule your Subjects many a happy day.
 Defend that Faith which does defend your Crown,
 Which Christ first taught, which all true Christians own:
 Who teaches any other, comes from Hell,
 The Dev'l first did, then taught men to Rebel.
 Read all the rest in the late Rebel *Scot*,
 There is enough to shew a second Plot.
 The Banks are yet intire, 'tis not too late
 To stop another Deluge o're the State.
 Who his to morrow trusts for safety, may,
 Before it comes be ruined by delay.
 To speak bold truths Poets and Painters dare,
 Believe them, Mighty Sir, Believe, Beware !
 Nothing can save us from a dreadful Doom,
 But what secures from Faction and from *Rome*.

THE Jesuites Advice TO THE PAINTER:

Upon the DEATH of
William Howard,
Late Viscount Stafford.

WHat damn'd dull Dog was that did Advise
So poorly to depict ROME'S Treacheries
And in such mean Pedantick Strains to call
An Art-less Painter to her Funeral;
Sure One that had no Soul, but what was Lent.
And from some fustom Dug his hither Sent,
Fond Poet, ROME's not dead nor dying, she
Will yet Survive your grand Catastrophe;
And all her Martyred Saints shall from the Dead
Arise, and Plant their Triumphs on her Head;
Such Glories her predicted Fall attend,
As will in a Victorious Conquest End;
With what dull Verse, with what infernal Spell,
Dost thou lay down the Stragglers of Hell?

All you infernal Spirits from Sargan take
Requiem sing for our dear Master, take
Who to the Last, unto his last Breath
Our cause maintain'd, and seal'd with his Blood;
Paint this Fam'd Hero Innocent and Good,
Make him a Saint in spite of *Treason*;
Let his Curst Treasons *Loyalty* suggest,
Ten Rebels make for one Damp'd Protestant;
By his last Traiterous Breath, let him create
Ten hundred Thousand Traytors to the State,

And now with Hell let him once more combine,
 Implore its Aid, to drive on Our Designe.
 Lay all the Kingdom waste, and in a Word
 Put all the *Heretics* to Fire and Sword;
 Leave not a Child of Two years old to tell,
 That ever here, a Protestant did dwell.
 But that these Things may fully take Effect,
 No Mercy shew to young, nor old respect;
 When we loud Blessings give, Know then we Curse,
 If we advise to Kill, you must do worse.
 When we Obedience preach, 'tis our Intent,
 Rebels to be to King and Parliament.
 Turn all Things upside down, till *Rome* and Fate,
 Become the ample Guardians of the State.
 Till we involve i'th Tyr of humane Blood,
 What no Age knew, or ever understood,
 Assist my Muse, from the Infernal PIT!
 Whence Jesuites draw their Abyss of Wit:
 All you dear Brothers of the Holy League,
Italians, Spaniards, British, French and Teague,
 Conspire in one, both Hell and *Rome* predict,
 Your good Success; our PLOT to like effect.
 Damn that ignoble Palace that does Limn,
 The Holy PLOT, in Characters to dim:
 In stead of Poison, Pill, or a Stab,
 Paint Unbelief, no Faith but in a Drab.
 In stead of Gallows, Torment and Defence,
 Draw faithful Guilt, in shape of Innocence.
 Limn to the Life; make our hanging Saints arise,
 Convert the Scene, draw Murders in disguise.
 From sleep ascents to *Happiness and Bliss*,
 Where you design to kill, there show a Kiss.
 Propound, confound, dispute, repent, recant,
 Paint holy ——— a Zealous Protestant.
 Give him the Oath, and swear him to maintain
 Reformed Faith in a true Popish strain.
 This does indeed look something like our Selves.
 Knit in a Mystique *to wit, a Mass and Rites*.
 But to proceed, where *our Masters should stand*,
 There paint the Plague, *by a happy hand*,
 For Towns burnt down, and Cities in a flame.
 Draw there the Pope *his Holiness the same*,
 By *Pluto's* side Limn Hope *and providence* hand,
 And neer their Feet *Discovery and Demand*.
 Depict Discovery fearful in the Throng,
 Make dreadful Death *as death and young*,
 And

And for a Murdred Prince a Virgin draw;
 Crown'd with Religion, Priviledg and Law;
 Within her Arms, lay all the Holy PLOT;
 All what is yet design'd, and what is not.
 All things propos'd for Mischief to ensue,
 Paint in no fading colors but in Blew;
 That all our holy Order may as light,
 In a Disguise see the Effects of Night.
 DANBY's pernicious Council place alone,
 Which, for the Kingdoms good, engrave in stone,
 And near the same, let his dear person stand,
 Loaden with Crimes, & High Treason in his hand;
 Upom his hardned Forehead, paint in Red,
 The Dreadful Ghost of GODFREY from the Dead:
 But clear him of the Fault; Be sure to state
 The Heretick's the Author of his Fate.
 For th' other ill affected Lords, set down
 No Treason, but aspiring to a Crown.
 Upon their Shoulders make Religion stand;
 But give her Wings, and Gold in either hand:
 Make her spit Fire which for the Churches good,
 See that you quench with the whole Nations blood.
 This done, in place of consecrated Knives
 Put a long Chain of Prayers and Popish Lives,
 And though we Swear, for Treason, and Lie, yet pain;
 A Jesuite no Devil but a Saint.
 For deep Rebellion of a Purple Dye,
 Draw humble Supplicants to Majesty,
 Where Foreiners design for to invade,
 No Armies put, but Languor, Fear and Dread.
 Depose Great Lewis from his glorious Throne,
 Whilst we unite these Kingdoms to his own.
 Before those Kings which we are to Delude,
 Draw Prostrate Jesuites in Blood imbru'd.
 In a deep Dungeon the Inquisition place,
 Not with an Horrid, but a Pleasing Face.
 All that we have to do, is to deceive;
 And the Misguided World of Sense bereave.
 A Conquest we design o'th British Land,
 Whom we instead shall fall, pray here let stand.
 Falshood and Victory joyn, and in a Line,
 Make Breach of Faith resemble Truth Divine.
 We're now spur'd on, with flames of Rage and Lust;
 To lay the Credulous World in Blood and Dust:
 O're-turn the Pillars of the Universe,
 And Tragick Scenes of Cruelty rehearse.

Make

Make Monarchs fall upon their Sulphury Lees,
 And trembling seize upon their feeble Knees.
 Bring all into a Chaos, as at first,
 Before the Product of the Earth was curst :
 In stead of Waters, let the Rivers swell,
 With human Blood, sent headlong down to Hell :
 Whilst raging Flames, their Lifeless Corps destroy, *As in Queen*
 And fix the Periods of the Nations joy. *Mary's days,*
 Breath nothing but Revenge with Fire and Sword,
 Give the pernicious † Pestilence the word : *† Massacre.*
 And that Hells deep Design may take Effect,
 All Villanies pursue, no Crimes reject.
 Bring to Confusion whatso'er you meet,
 Hell guid your Souls, whilst Rome directs your feet;
 So may the Painters hand be guided too,
 Contriving to Contrive, how to undo.
 Honour depresso, Insult upon, degrade,
 Let Perjur'd baseness Royal Thrones invade :
 Be kind to none that Villany detest,
 Or harbour Gen'rous Thoughts within their brest.
 But see you make the Martyrdom proceed,
 From those, to whom, by Us it is decreed.
 Upon their Brows plant Vengeance; and we'll smite
 Those wretched Catiffs to Eternal Night.
 This is the Judgment, the Decree is Seal'd ;
 Nor can it be revok'd tho' 't be reveal'd.

F. I. N. I. S.

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Fund

Barney

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The second advice ...

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The Jesuites advice ...

II
M368,+679